But Then Again, Who Does?

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But Then Again, Who Does?

by margot16

Summary

> It's too bad she won't live. But then again, who does?

Notes

> Back again! You could very well consider this a side story or a bit of a distraction while I get my house in order, but if we're keeping with a theme of multiple universes with this little tale I don't see a reason why we can't throw some Ryunon in there at least once. They are my otp, after all. Anyways, Blade Runner is my favorite movie of all time, and these two seemed like the perfect fit for a little step into that universe. Enjoy!

She shouldn't have been here.

Then again, who *is* "supposed" to be where they are at any given time?

But this was different, at least in terms of the question itself.

Los Angeles was a hostile place for her type, after all.

"A new life awaits you in the off-world colonies!"

"The chance to begin again in a golden land of opportunity and adventure!"

Hollow, accusatory words cut through the beating wind and rain as a passing airship lit nearby buildings in a harsh glow. Throngs of wet, frustrated, beaten, busying people packed the narrow streets bellow, bustling by each other on to one sordid task or the next. The glowing rods of their umbrellas, mixed with the stark flashes produced from hundreds of neon signs and halogen streetlamps, bathed the entire scene in an unnatural light altogether too common in this day and age.

A dank alley stitched off from the main thoroughfare like a vericose vein, empty save for piles of garbage and a solitary overhead lamp, flickering as it outlined two figures standing opposite each other in the beating rain, motionless.

The taller of the two was clad in unassuming attire: black cargo pants and boots, with a black dress shirt tucked in and a red tie, dripping wet as it hung loosely from her collar despite her best efforts. Over the ensemble she wore a long, dark brown trenchcoat unbuttoned, into the pockets of which her hands were placed nonchalantly. Her messy black hair was matted to her head by the relentless downpour, the slightest hint of a small red streak played out and downward across her forehead.

She stared down into the eyes of the smaller of the pair, pink hair covered almost completely by a beanie and mouth and nose sheltered under a black surgical mask. A navy peacoat, just slightly too big, as well as black leggings and knee-high boots completed the look, all protected neatly under a wide umbrella.

"Fancy seeing you here once again, officer Matoi." Said Nonon, Ryuko staring down into her mesmerizing pink irises. Irises that could not possibly be real or natural, yet held a beauty in them that drowned Ryuko in its inevitability. Irises that had proved to Ryuko the truth of the girl's existence the moment she had issued the Voight-Kampff test. Irises that had captured Ryuko's heart the moment she had seen them, and crushed her heart in even less time. It proved that once again, the truth could be far more devastating than any fiction.

Nonon was a replicant. And Ryuko, after all, was a Blade Runner.

"Nonon." Said Ryuko simply, painfully. She let the foreign sounds of the girl's name fall from her mouth like the rain around them, reminding herself that even though both of them seemed to be of Japanese descent, Nonon was manufactured as such and held no real eastern ancestry. It was hard not to feel some sort of kinship with the small, cute girl though, and as Ryuko locked eyes once again with Nonon she felt the last vestiges of doubt slip from her mind easily.

Stepping forward and leaning down under the umbrella, Ryuko slipped the surgical mask down to reveal Nonon's playful smirk, placing lips against soft lips and relishing in the forbidden embrace that it gave way to. The weight of Ryuko's blaster against the right side of her chest reminded her of what the end to the coming night had to be, and tried her damndest to hide the scowl it brought to her face. Not so much because that it *had* to happen, more so because it had never been this hard.

Buried deep in the heart of the churning city, tucked away in a secluded room of a seedy hotel, the two made their physical compact complete. Ryuko had delighted in Nonon's reaction upon seeing her body, as if the unassuming street-wear of a blade runner didn't at all bely the toned and somewhat curvaceous physique underneath them. The both of them

standing, Nonon buried her face between Ryuko's bared breasts, Ryuko working the coat off Nonon's shoulders as she expertly undid Ryuko's belt.

Even though Ryuko knew that Nonon was a standard domestic model from the off-world colonies, it was clear that she had been given some...extra programming at inception that lended her slender body and soft mouth to perform deeds most unlike a standard human partner. Nonon doted on her mercilessly, removing the last of Ryuko's clothing before shedding her own, revealing a body that was slender, muscular and incredibly soft. Her skin was flawless, breasts perky and overall Ryuko marveled at the design of her form.

Nonon's scent was, quite simply, intoxicating. Lying somewhere between lilac and sandalwood, desire and desperation, freedom and purgatory. Ryuko knew what she was doing was wrong; that she would be hung from the highest yardarm by her superiors if they ever found out, both in a figurative and literal sense. But as the replicant's tongue danced around her own, completely indecipherable from the "real thing", Ryuko couldn't help but fight every sane urge in her body telling her to just get her job over with. Love was anything but sane, after all.

They continued, the smirk on Nonon's face punctuating just how absurd and dangerous the situation was. Surely she must know how this would end, Ryuko thought. She fought pangs of guilt as Nonon buried her face between Ryuko's legs, the pit in her stomach filled with something warm, sappy, different. How ironic, that despite Ryuko's numerous encounters with other women in the past, this would be her first pleasurable experience with one. Ryuko mentally checked herself. The girl tracing circles on her most sensitive of regions with her tongue, eliciting noises from Ryuko's open mouth that neither of them had ever heard before, was not a "woman" at all.

Those eyes. Those whimsical, beautiful, synthetic eyes that held within them a notion so sinister that it nearly brought Ryuko to her knees on multiple occasions. That despite her numerous years of training, and after even more numerous years of hunting and putting down replicants just like the one worming her way into her soul now, that she would be defeated not by brawn or bullet, but by looks. Those eyes stared into hers now, Ryuko feeling a heat growing in her chest that threatened to burst that highly-trained concentration. Her whole body shook, Nonon's hands gripping her legs to steady her as all of Ryuko's thoughts came crashing down.

How terrifying it is to lose control.

Hours later, what semblance of sun that would have shone through the clouds was long gone. Their seedy hotel room, marred by scraps of neon light from the window and smoke from a single cigarette, was silent save for the sleep-induced breathing of the nubile, petite pink-haired girl beside her in bed. Staring downwards towards her feet, Ryuko remarked on just how many scars adorned her naked body after such an eventful time in service as a blade runner. It was an attractive and well-proportioned body to be sure, with hard muscle built from training and soft skin marred by the badges of her time behind the gun. Sighing, Ryuko watched the last drag of her cigarette dissipate in the air above her as her stomach contorted with the blowing motion.

She extinguished the burnt nub in the ashtray on the bedside table before kissing Nonon on the cheek and standing, the corners of the smaller girl's mouth curling ever slightly upwards as Ryuko made her way to her long coat hung over the back of the room's one chair. Retrieving an object whose outline was blunted by the room's darkness, Ryuko placed it in her right hand and made her way to stand tall over the side of the bed Nonon was sleeping on. She raised the object in a sweeping arc, a ray of harsh neon light from the window catching it, glinting off the barrel of the weapon like a bolt of lightning.

Ryuko's finger slipped inside the trigger-guard easily enough, wrapping itself around the weighted firing mechanism of the blaster just as she had done a million times before. She hesitated, breath catching in her throat when she realized Nonon's eyes were open, staring up at her with that same calm, whimsical expression that Ryuko had seen when she had first met her. A smile played across her features as she stared into Ryuko's eyes, into her very soul, conveying such a willful peace with the inevitable that it made it near impossible to pull the trigger.

Nonon closed her eyes for the last time, smile still played gently across her features.

The flash of the blaster's shot illuminated the entire room for a split-second, it's bark deafeningly loud.

In a second, all was dark and quiet, a single teardrop hitting the floor.

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